(To be continued.)

PARLOR LECTURER'S GOWNS.

ne's audience, and the fit and material of

It was awfully good of Mrs. de G.

down. I made a good deal over \$400.

tinued. "Now there was Miss V., that Cali-

She lectured on the classic art, and the me

time on a mere side issue.

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CHAPTER X. HOW I DISCOVER THE PICKLENESS OF FORTUNE WHEN HER PAVORS ARE CONFERRED BY A

DALMATIAN CONSTITUENCY. read the other day a romance of which many people are talking, about a man who the part of a king. Reading it, I thought of my own experiences when I helped in an endeavor not altogether dissimilar. Yet, when I read that romance, I called it an Arabian Night, forgetting that my own adventure was quite as strange in that rebellion in Dalmatia-which for the first days promised well.

For, as I have said, the Dalmatian gentry, the peasantry, appeared to welcome us. Dur ing those few days representatives of the different Dalmatian parties came, to see, as the sequel proved, if they might not better themselves by serving the rebellion for the Romaga We already in three days were so strong half the country, a disorderly rabble of picturesque peasants and mountaineers camped about Bergamo-that it was declared the Government feared to give us battle, and we only were waiting our time to march on Zara. So busy was our girlish leader with her numerous conferences with her minister, Signor Reni, and with the various persons who wished to find her position regarding their interests, that I saw little of her. She would pass in the great room of the keep with a nod, or I might see her mounted for some expedition into the country, when she looked, I thought, very pretty, and yet too girlish to bear all these w responsibilities. But I rarely sawher alone. For my part, I, too, was busied assisting Count Balbi to make out of our recruits something of an army, which, indeed, might not have been much less inefficient than the Dalmatian regulars of the reigning prince. And so I was surprised when a servant brought me word one afternoon that the Princess wished to see me in the garden of Bergamo.

The place, while bare-limbed at that season, showed that it might be gorgeous with roses, like a Florentine field, in Jung. But I thought the girlish Princess answered for the roses as she came to meet me, smiling graciously, al-though I fancied her face pale and worn. When appeared in this way, even if she had been restrained of her liberty. I indeed felt concerned for her, as I bowed in the little, formal way the etiquette of the improvised court had already prescribed, nor indeed aid I know her_well. A wrinkled old Dalmatian in a red skirt was her only attendant. She herself was in a riding habit that showed wear. 'I wanted to thank you again, M. Gerald."

said she, graciously, "particularly, as I have heard of you from Mgr. Réux." 'Mgr. Reux is very good."

"He is my coustn," said she, "and more for him than for another reason, I am playing this part."

'It is naturally yours," said I, not thinking of my phrases.
"Your gallantry aside, I suppose it is, M.

Gerald. But why should I-a girl without particular ambition-be left to act a man's part? If my brother, or my father, had lived!" I looked at her in some wonder, not quite understanding.

"I am loth to believe, your Highness, that-" "That I do not care to be Princess of Dalmatia. Do you know why I tell you this?" "It is gracious of you."

"Because you, being a foreigner, can look on the situation without a Dalmatian's prejudice." "Possibly." 'And how does it seem to you-our chance?"

"That we shall win," I remarked, discreetly, and wondering if that giorious hair, worn by some lady of the Romaga, might not have inspired the Venetians. I had not then seen the fitian in the gallery of the Villa Borghese.

You say that because it is the proper thing to say to me. The words express no opinion of your own.' "How can I have one, your Highness. I do

not know Dalmatia." "No," said she, softly, "nor I, save that I do not wish to make the Dalmatians trouble."

"Tae situation has made you trouble enough," said I, forgetting that this lady was my superior removed by the impossible barrier of caste.

"Yes, trouble enough. I have been apcroached again and again to countenance the Dalmatian party of revolt. I wanted to be free-like you, M. Gerald-to follow my own wishes. Lately I thought I was, for some months. I went travelling like-like an Eng-

lish girl, only to be seized, arrested, because in Zara they thought me dangerous. I am now I wanted to tell her then and there that she certainly was delightfully girlish and danger-

ous, yet, of course, I did not dare. "But why, your Highness, when you came to me in New York, did you not tell me-

"Because it was not my secret. I could not involve Dalmatia." "And now?" I asked, curiously.

"It is Henri Réux, my cousin's plot. It is als," she added, as if to herself. "My cousin and his and my friends consider that once established, the powers may agree to uphold us. He Lelieves-we believe-that a decided action on our part may lead-"To you as Princess of Dalmatia."

"Already has led," she said, almost wearily, "So now that the position is almost gained again -ao more freedom for me. I must marry whom they dictate. I must become a creature of statecraft."

wondered why she was talking to me in this strain, in the wintry garden of Bermago.
"I feel," she said, softly, "after what you have done for me, that we are friends, and wanted to tell you that I am sorry that you have become involved with me-in this-uncertain affair.'

"It is good of your Highness," I answered, "to show this interest. And you may be sure "Are you, Signor Gerald?" said she, speaking

Italiau. "I all be, indeed, always," when she laught a merrily, so that I wondered. But at the moment we heard a voice-Signor Reni's-

the Minister's.

"Your Highness..." The Pincess started, I thought.

"Ah, Signor Reni," said she. "I have been talking to Signor Gerald, and thanking him for all the interest he has taken in our affairs." "Signor Gerald has been very good," the older man acknowledged, yet looking me over suspiciously, I fancied; "very good. I am sorry

"And what is it, signor," said the girlish head of the ancient Romaga. "The council with your Highness's approval

have decided to advance on Zara. "I like that," said the Princess Beatrice

her eyes flashing; "at las; we shall act." "Prince Frederick fears to come to us."
"Poor Prince Frederick," she said, smiling,

"and then we shall go to my cousin." Her eyes flashed, and she looked then the proud Romaga—with the blood of a hundred of the greatest Italian and Dalmatian families in her veins. A little wind stirred the bare rose branches. The old Dalmatian attendant stood immovable at the back of the garden. "I beg your Highness's pardon." I began,

But neither the Princess nor Signor Real noticel me particularly. Affairs of the moment I was sorry I had undertaken my part-that having been once a puppet in this Dalmatian affair. I should choose to remain one-with the vain expectation of being later something more. But I returned to my duty then, which was in putting some military form into our Dalma:lans, and I declare, I knew, or know nothing of tactics. Count Balbi duobed me a Colonel of the new Dalmatia under the rule of the Princess of the Romaga. But if I occupled a military position I had no uniform. The rough tweeds which I had worn when I entered Venice still served me, and these indeed were rather better than the tattered variety of

clothing the Dalmatian boasted. At first we indeed only had seven uniforms those of the oldlers and the commandant of Bergamo, Col. Pinaro, who served, now that he thought it would be the winning one, the cause of Prin-Within seven days some 700 persons had declared for the Romaga, and it was said that Frederick of Heidelberg was preparing to flee Zara for Austria news Signor Reni had brought the Princess when he had interrupted

us in the garden of Bergamo.

Yet if this were but the truth I was startled by what I saw as I stepped onto the ramparts. Already soldiery were defiling on the plain below, and our adherents were scattering right and left. I could make no doubt of the truth of my eyes. Men were running, and at the moment I heard Balbi's voice ordering down the ancient draw. "And where are your six soldiers, and Col.

"They, too, have gone." "There are easily 1,500 men below." "Easily." The Count uttered an oath, which shared, at all Dalmarians.

"We have no more than my servants—the force with which we left Venice."

"And these reports Signor Reni is even now giving the Princess that Prince Frederick has left the country?"

"They were spread designedly."

"And what of the country being ready for revolt, if the standard of the Romaga once were raised?"

were raised?"
"Did not these people flocking to us seem to

"Did not these people flocking to us seem to prove it—"
"Now the Government torces seem to attract them the other way," I said, bitterly, "Your Dalmatians seem to run to the side they consider the strongest."
"They but consider their own skins," said the Count Haibi, smilling even in face of the evident disaster, our misplaced hopes, the deceit, the faise reports that had been practised on us, in face of an apparent strength—our real weakness that I never had expected from the beginning of the undertaking. We were surrounded. There was only the ancient draw between us and the Government forces. The Princess, doubtless, would be pardoned, but as for the rest of us, we likely should hang from the ramparts of the castle. To be sure, there was the narrow channel the draw covered between our rocks and the mainland. Behind was the Afriatic, over which the sun was sinking; before was the low plain along which the Governmental forces approached.
"They have two cancon," I said at last. "What is a place like this egainst cannon?"
"Nothing," said the brave leader of this insufficiently considered lot. And Mrr. Reux was safe in Paris. I, too, smiled bitterly, and then a feeling of rage shock me. While there was breath, at least, I could fight. How many times had my father been defeated, if the world had known?
"We must practise strategy, my dear Count."
"From what I have noticed of your Dalmatiaus, they prefer to negotiate rather than to fight, even with a small force like ours, Your Italian peasants are armed and will fight."
"But these Dalmatians who come to us—and then run over to the Government—as soon as it appears—have not even tried to betray us, as

then run over to the Government—as soon as it appears—have not even tried to betray us, as they easily could," said Baibi, as if trying to then run over to the Government—as soon as it appears—have not even tried to betray us, as they easily could," said Baibl, as if trying to defend his people.

"I suppose really they like the show of fighting better than the reality," he was forced to add, with a smile that was cynical rather than humorous. If there were humor in the situation we were the victims of it, and even a man brave to humor is not inclined to laugh when the question of his life is the one at issue.

"Well, then, the point is that we can have a chance to parley with them about the terms of our surrender."

"Then—"" he began. "But what difference can that make?"

"Then—?" he began. "But what differ-ince can that make?" nce can that make?"
"It can give us time at least."
"Ah, that is true."
"Which is precious."
"Ugh, yes," he said, thinking of his possible

fate.
"And there is the sea back of us?"
"We have boats, but they can't be

"We have boats, but they can't be seaworthy."

"After dark—if we can keep them off until after dark—we may devise something."

"That is impossible."

"Ah, it may be." I said, "but I must catch at a straw. I have no particular with to hang on that rampart—a feast for the gulls. Now, Count Balbi, permit me to advise this much. Send down one of your trusted servants."

"Jacopo?"

"Yes, Jacopo. And ask him to have the force wait until its leader an consult with the Princess. It is obvious that—beyond executing us as chemies to the public order—that the governmental—"

as enemies to the public order—that the governmental—"
"Which is the Russian policy,"
"Yes, exactly, the Russian policy will wish to consider the Romaga,"
"You are clever, signor."
"An I have to be,"
"I follow your plan."
"And I—I will change the tenor of Signor Reni's news to the Princess."
So leaving him to send the messenger I went back into the garden of the keep of Bergamo to put the matter before her who really had involved me in it. Possibly I was a little gladal little malicious, because of my abrunt dismissal some moments before. Signor Reni, and, Indeed, the Princess Heatrice herself, looked their surprise as I interrupted them unceremoniously. ceremoniously.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAFTER XI.

BOW WE OBTAIN A RESPITE FROM BARON MASSIMO.

"You were wrong, Signor Renl."

"What do you mean, Col. Gerald?" he said, using the title Count Baibi had conferred, of which I never have been particularly proud, Coloneis being as rumerous in Dalmatia as in the Southern United States. Signor Reni's voice had disdain that I should dare to interrupt him. I thought myself for the first time that I was wrong in breaking the news so suddenly to the Princess Beatrice, and then I decided this was as well. She certainly should

know the worst.
"Yes, wrong," I said, disregarding the other's
manner; "for the Government army has not
deserted; on the contrary—"
"Impossible."

deserted; on the contrary—"
"Impossible."
"The people you thought were with us all lave left, like rats from a sinking ship—as soon as they awe Prince Frederick's banner."
"Impossible!" he said again, while the Princess Beatrice, too, looked on with wonder in her dark eyes.
"Go outside and see, then." I cried, for I had lost my temper, and was impatient at this play at rebellion which staked our lives. I had no wish to die at that moment. At first, looking me over vindictively, he decided to inquire into the truthfulness of my statement. When he had gone I turned to the Princess, who was still looking me over as if trying to read me.
"I beg your pardon," said I, although I did not know for what I was apologizing.
"You need not sak me that," said she, softly, "That all is a farce, your Highness."

"You need not ask me that," said she, softly,
"This means—"
"That all is a farce, your Highness,"
I thought there were tears.
"Don't, Princess Beatrice, I pray you. You are a young lady of spirit—a great lady—and now you must bear the honer of your race.
These Dalmatians are tot worthy your—"
She smiled suddenly,
"What can I do, Col. Gerald?"
"This: in half an hour a messenger of the Government will be here. You will receive him; you will suknowledge the attempt has falled. But you will add that you wish time to consider—to see if you cannot propose terms—"

to consider—to see if you cannot bropose terms—"
"I will, gladly," she cried, her face flushing, and I knew that her momentary loss of self-control had not been on her own account.
"You will ask, your Highness, until to-morrow morning. If that time is not granted, you must declare that you will make a hopeless fight, that certainly will result in the loss of some lives, and—"
"And—I understand—ther, seeing I mean what I shall say, will grant the request."
"I believe that will be the result, your Highness,"

"And—I understand—ther, seeing I mean what I shall say, will grant the request."

"I believe that will be the result, your Highness."

"And—when we have the time?" she began.

"Leave that to me," said, i, with bravado, although I knew at that moment no more what I should do than the merest child. Only it was clear that I must act for myself—for her, I did not dare leave the issue to her advisers.

"I will, Col. Goraid," said she softly. "I leave all to you and I believe in you."

I raised her hand to my lips, and in that act Signor Reni, his face ashen, interrupted ue.

"It's true," he said, "true."

"Did Count Balbi send Jacopo, as I suggested?" I began.

"Yes. What of li?"

"Signor Reni," interrupted the Princess, "I will manage this affair. Report to me when the messenger returns. Come, Col. Gerald, I will see this with my own eyes."

"If you will allow me, your Highness," I answered, "I now should better consult with the Count."

Signor Reni regarded me still with that little windictive stare, and yet I saw that fear for himself was his principal emotion.

"Come, Signor Reni," said I, as if I had all the authority in the world; when he followed me as if he thought I might arrive at some expedient. The Princess hesitated, and then seeing that I was trying my sest to soive our riddle she turned without a word through the little postern door into the hall of Bergamo.

"I have been a fool, Signor Reni."

"Ever to have entered on such an ill-arranged affair."

"We did our best, signor," he said with surprising humility, which had its source I knew in his fears.

"Yet you are a brave man," I said, "to have dared it, I respect brave men." I really believe he was theoretically brave.

"But now, Signor Count, I choose to direct this matter myself. It is self-preservation."

"Use all the authority in the signor; I have a way."

"I acknowledge I have none."

I shuddered as I thought how poor my way

"What can we do—?"
"Leave it to me, signor; I have a way."
"I acknowledge I have none."
I shuddered as I thought how poor my way
war, for I actually knew of none. Yet I did
not dare show the two leaders this, for I no
longer trusted them. I acted as if I knew the
exact way out of the difficulty. That Balbt
believed in me, or grasped at any proposition
relieving him from the responsibility, was

proven by the readiness with which he had sent the measanger to the approaching forces of the Government. In the mean time I was canning sea and land. The wan of the attacking party had paused a short distance away. The willight for it was now past sundownwas singularly still, and I noticed the sea was almost unruffled. On one side of the great stage tower that anciently had dominated this coast in the interest of the robber Romaga was a window. I looked at the coast line below, and instantly an idea occurred which ied me to look at the hesitating line of Prince Frederick's soldiery. The sky was overcast, and it promised a dark night.

At that momen. I heard Balbi order the lowering of the draw, and I saw Balbi's nosenger, Jacopo, approaching with another person. As this person came over the rusty draw, I recognized the little siy fellow with whom the adventure had begun in New York, the one man in this world whom I thought I hated for having done me a positive inlury. "The Haron Massimo," Reni said at my shoulder.

Massimo advanced toward us, awaiting him

"The Baron Massimo." Rent said at my shoulder, Massimo advanced toward us, awaiting him

The Baron Massimo, Reni said at my shoulder.

Massimo advanced toward us, awaiting him in the outer court, smiling. Six of Baibi's peasants were distributed about armed with the muskets and knives we had succeeded it takinz from Venice. We, indeed, had munitions for 1,000 men.

I say that Massimo advanced toward us like a gentleman who enters a house on a formal invitation, and as it to impress us further with his sense of the formality of the occasion, he addressed us in French, which still is the language of diplomacy.

"Ah messleurs," said he, "I am sorty the occasion is so unfortunate for you.

"Yet if I remember gright," said Balbi, who had turned about from raising the draw, "the Baron Massimo himself showed some interest to Mgr. Reux is dien of the nature of Massimo's errand."

"To get knowledge from fools, messleurs," "Massimo said at this.

"Such," I could not resist anying, "was Mgr. Reux's dien of the nature of Massimo's errand."

He turned to me at this, his face darkening, looking sarcastically at the sword I had buckled about my tweeds, the only insignia of my position as Colonel in this episodical rebellion.

"You are still medding, Vir. Gerald," he said, in English. "You do not appear to have profited by the lesson I gave you. But, you doubtless never will meddie again."

"On the future, Mr. Gerald. I think the future is Perince Frederick's, if I mistaxe not, I know you feel unpleasantly toward me."

"Ah, no, Baron." said Babl, who had recovered his sangfroid, "we admitr your wit, which suffered you to intrigue with us, so that if we should succeed you might profit by such a turn of circumstances."

"You may admite my bravery, Count Balbi, which leads me here into your power, when, as Gen. Barnato told me, you might hold me as hostage."

"You may admite my bravery, count Balbi, which leads me here into your power, when, as Gen. Barnato told me, you might hold me as hostage."

they that this would have seen levelen to the Princess Beatrice's nature, if not to ours. You thew you ran no risk. As for my lord the Count's remark on your trying to play two sarts, I myself believe you approached Mgr. Sany simply as a say."

parts. I myself believe you approached Mgr. Réux simply as a soy."

"You are quite right." said he, looking at me out of the eyes of which he now held the expression hidden.

"And in the mean time we are keening the Princess waiting." I led the way to the great hall of the castle, where the candles had been iit, and where our mistress (for now I will confess I regarded her as mine) was seated in an armchair with her woman, and two of Balbi's servants making her little court.

If I had trembled how, girl as she wis, she would conduct herself at this crisis. I was more than surerised by the admirable self-possession of her who looked that moment the head of the ancient Romaga. Her yellow hair seemed a crown; her eyes flashed, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement over this turn of affairs.

"You! Brown Massimo, I am to longer your

seemed a crown, cheeks were flushed with excitement over turn of affairs,
"Well, Baron Massimo, I am no longer your prisoner." There was in her tone the least resentment at this agent of the Dalmatian Government, who had tricked her and deprived her of her liberty. Massimo inclined his head, not frament, who had tricked inclined his head, not of her liberty. Massimo inclined his head, not discourtecusly.

'You were detained, your Highness, to pre-You were detained, your Highness, to pre-vent other people losing their lives on your re-count in a fruitless attempt to overturn the Government of Dalmatia. As it is now, your case—not your individual case—but that of your folicerer, is worse. Some will lose their lives for rebellion—"

I stented forward, half expecting her to cry out at this.

"But that is the point, Baron Massimo," the Princess said, calculy enough, although her face grew white, and I knew her manner was but a mask. "My friends have been wrong in forcing me into this—"
"Yes, plainty."
"And I suppose they must suffer the consequences."

quences."
"Pay the penalty, your Highness."
"But this erroneous course. Baron Massimo, has been taken for me-for my house. I cannot see them suffer without an effort—"
"But you can do nothing, your Highness."
"Whether I can or not I want this night to consider some plea to make to the Government."

consider some pica to make to the develorment."

"It can come to nothing,"
She rose at this, her eyes flashing.
"Baron Massimo," she cried, "if you do not concede this you and your army shall not get into Bergamo until all my friends have died in defending it. Is it not better for a brave man to die fighting than on the scaffold? I cannot deny them this. If they fight some of the Government troops shall die as wall as they.

Massimo plainly was impressed by her words and manner. and manner.
"But," she continued, "If I take reasonable

Massimo plainty was impressed by are words and manner.

"But," she continued, "if I take reasonable time to devise some means of presenting these gentlemen's cases to the Government, I can say to them. "There is a chance, my friends." Resistance simply means death, for we are a small company in an old, disused fortress."

"But, your Highness."

"You have heard," she answered. "Have you powe to make the terms?"

He looked down for a moment as if deliberating, and then considering doubtless, our case hopeless in any event, and that a show of some concession would appear better to the world, he said, "Your Highness shall have your wish—your useless delay until 7 to-morrow."

"Until 7 to-morrow," acknowledged the Princess. "Ah, Earon, I fear it's a useless enough request, but I must make it—for these

"Until 7 to-morrow," asknowledged the Princess. "Ah, Earon, I fear it's a useless enough request, but I must make it-for these poor gentlemen's sakes—and for the poor fellows, their servants.

"I am glid to crant you this, your Highness, and I will direct Gen. Barnato accordingly." Massimo sail, making an obelsance.

The Princess kept her self-possession until he had disappeared under Baibl's conduct, and then she sank back with a little cry.

"I could not have kept up a moment longer."

"Your Highness." said I iI believe kneeling before her. for I hate a woman in tears. "I will try as best I may."

She looked at me through her tears.

"How can you do anything, poor Gerald? And you are in this for me."

"Trust to me." I said softly, But I did not trust to myself. At the moment we heard the creaking draw, declaring Massimo's departure.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW I EMPLOY A STRATEGEM OF OTHER MORE PAMOUS GENERALS REFORE A VICTORIOUS ENEMY.

Presently Babli returned, saying he had the castle manned as well as be could with his few armed basants. His face displayed his tend to my short talk with the Princess without venturing a word, because he, too, had no ordinen to advance.

"It is a dark night," said I, not intending to be facetious, "I can assure you," and speaking now surface to myself.

e facetious, "I can assure you," and speaking ow rather to myself.

"Yee. I you clouds, without a breath of rind," Balbi assented.

"So much the better."

"What do you mean," the Princess asked, ooking at me with brightening eyes.

"If there is a boat."

"There is, I have told you," Balbi hastened of exolain, rather impatiently, as the situation retirated him.

to explain, rather impatiently, as the situation irritated him.

"We can lower it from the window on the side of the sea."

"Yes?" said the Princess eagerly.

"If there were enough boats to carry us all."

"I will inquire," said Isabl, going out.

"We may be able to get out to sea?" said the Princess, clapping her hands.

"If the sea will permit, "said Babbi, returning and catching my last words.

"How far is it to Zara?"

"The sea remaining calm, we might reach—any Zara, in three hours."

The dea nad occurred to me at that moment, "I hate to confess myself beaten, gentlemen," said I, turning to the irresponsive Reni and to Babbi, "particularly as only we can suffer in this affair we have undertaken. For the Princess it may mean simply temporary

and to Babb, "particularly as only we can suffer in this affair we have undertaken. For the Princess it may mean simply temporary innortsonment, for I believe her position—and the intervention of the powers—will make her punishment from Dialmatia."

"I do not quite follow you," said Reni, "I do," said the Princess, smiling, "and I would give the world to thwart them after all."

"How much of a force is left in Zara?"

"Probably not over 200 men."

"And who is commandant there?"

"I believe a foreigner, Co. Ferguson, an Irishman in the Dalmatian service.

"And the Prince is there."

"Prince Frederick and his family."

"It's this," said I, my own interest kindling in the plot, as an inventor's may in an idea, "we will drop the boats out of the window, if they are in any serviceable condition; that is, on the side of the sea, and I do not believe we shall be observed in the darkness, unless the Baron Massimo has thought to parrol the coast, which I do not believe he has. For who would think of the descending from that window?"

"But the sea is dangerous with such boats as are likely to be here." interrupted Reni. "I ave imagination, Signor Reni," I cried, "We will not put out to gea. We will row to Zara."

"To Zara?"

"We will not put out to sea. We will row to Zara."

"To Zara?"

"We will appear before Col. Ferguson, whe will be astonished enough, thinking that the troops sent out for our capture have us. We will say that we are the van of another force."

"But if he refuses?"

"We will not permit it. We will persuade him by our effrontery. We will take the Prince prisoner instead of his troops taking us. We can dictate terms. And I have seen enough of

Dalmatian fickieness to know there will be many desertions to our banner," But the Russian and English representa-"But the Russian and English representa-tives?"
"I will engage to play them against each other, so they will not interfere."
"It's a dangerous plan, "Signor Reni began, "It's our only one," I said. "We can run, out the chances are we shall be taken."
"It is the only way," said the Princess. "Ah, Col. Gerald, I owe you much.
"But firs, we must see that the boats will answer. If they fall, we shall be forced to build a raft to carry us to shore, and then..."

A Tale of Shipwreck on the High Seas.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

"Looks like a Down-East bottom," said Capt. Davis to his first mate, as he scanned the curious object on the weather bow through the glasses. 'I s'pose she capsized in the squall this noon."

"Yes," said the mate, "guess so. That's cop-per-paint-not metal. It's the first time I've seen a big craft bottom up. They don't get over so far, as a rule. Shall I get the boat and try to read her name? Can't be far under water," "No. It'll be known in time. Her crew can't

be far off unless they're drowned. She's a big fellow, may be a four-sticker. Keep away on the course, Mr. Baker."

The schooner Claremont of Bath payed off and the object of discussion, a hull, bottom up, showing a glistening keel about three feet above

the mean plane of the heaving ground swell, swung to a point on the quarter and became dim and obscure in the increasing gloom of the evening. Naked and desolate it looked to the crew as they watched it recede, an ironical commentary on shipowners' hopes and plans; a dismal reminder of their own possible suding. "She's floating on the air in the hold," said

one of them, an active young giant in a blue shirt, to his mates on the forecastle deck. "When it has all leaked through the seams, she'll be close to the bottom." "In my 'pinion," said a grizzled old tar scated on the cathead, "there's something wrong with

a rath to carry us to shore, and then—"We will not tall boats," said the "Thecess." We will not tall boats," said the "Thecess." We show must be kept of the ramparts being manned."

"They do not believe we can get away unless we should fly."

"And they may be right, but we can try." I said, doubtfully enough.

"And they may be right, but we can try." I said, doubtfully enough.

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"The boats were examined carefully. Two appeared to be seaworthy. The other we examined the window, a broad opening intended for a gun arriage, t asw; now guarded by frame of fron bars. The frame the said of the said of

called Ransom, uttered an audible exclamation, and, holding the jerking wheel with one hand, leaned toward the rail and peered at the ap-

"Come alongside," answered the second mate; and then he tapped at the Captain's window, who presently appeared. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "Boat alongside, sir; Walkure's crew, they

say. May belong to the craft we passed. "Come aboard," called Capt, Davis, as the boat cumped against the side of the schooner. Eight men clambered over the rail, one with the painter, which he made fast to a cleat, and mustered aft near the poop, where Capt. Davis met them.
"Is the Captain on deck?" asked a tall young

to rew along the coast to the south—to Zara-to the equally dangerous risk; while this other, indeed, was not over. fellow, stepping out of the group with a confident, careless swing of his shoulders, and speaking in a musical accent of voice, which, though pleasant on the whole, had a flippant ring to it. It was the voice that had halled. "I am the Captain."

She Pays More Attention to Them That the Subject on Which She Lectures. "Our schooner turned turtle yesterday noon, Captain. The skipper drowned before our eyes, The parlor lecturer is getting her gowns but we couldn't get to him. His daughter, Miss ready for the winter campaign. She may not be very well grounded on the particular subject she Downs, was below at the time, and we never saw her again. I am the mate, this is the secis going to lecture about, but in a well-paying industry like hers she cannot afford to waste ond mate, and these are the crew." "We must have passed your vessel at sun-

down. So that was the Walkure. I knew Capt. Downs and his family. It will be sad news for she confides to the woman interested in her his wife. The young lady, as I remember her, methods. "If I have only a few weel's to was handsome. Have you saved anything?" spend abroad I devote at least two of them to "Nothing but what we stand in, sir. We had picking up bargains. One has to impress away ourselves." gown must be nice enough to stand critical

"Well, make yourselves snug as you can inspection. Now, when I gave that course of forward. Mr. Todd, rouse up the cook to give these men a bite or two. Make the boat fast talks last winter on North German art and astern, and we'll lift it up in the morning. There "Oh! Do you understand German?" interwon't be any wind to-night." rupts her listener eagerly.
"No, but I read up on it. I had splendid The Captain stepped down; the rescued men

disappeared in the direction of the forecastle, names for patronesses, and when I directed and as Mr. Todd carried the boat's painter aft, my announcement cards I had Mrs. de G.'s the man at the wheel spoke to him. calling list to go by. You know it's utterly ruin-"Mr. Todd," he said," will you ask Johnson to ous to send out even a single card to the wrong take the wheel a moment? That was my last person, and so often you might be deceived. ship. I'd like to talk to those fellows."

"Johnson," bawled the officer, "lay aft, re-"Did I make much money? Well, let me lieve the wheel,"

Johnson, who had steered the last trick, came think. The subscription was \$5 for the course, and fully a hundred or more names were put "Sometimes it's the merest accident that secures a lecturer a good send-off," she confornia girl who did so well two seasons ago. diseval, and all that. She had no turn for it naturally, and told me privately that she

lieve the wheel."

Johnson, who had steered the inst trick, came aft grambling to himselt, and the other, giving him the course, sped forward and burst into the foresteen where the newconers had settled them-selves on boxes and chests. Seizing the found in the course, sped forward and burst into the foresteen settled them-selves on boxes and chests. Seizing the found in the case of the callar, he demanded, hearsely: "Is Jessie drowned?"

"Hello, Mr. Harssom—you here?" said the other. "Letgo! What's the ""

"Don't mister me, Tom Ackland. I'm 'fore the mas, here, Answer me."

"Yes: she must be. She couldn't get out o' the cabin, and we couldn't heip her. She must ha' been drowned at once.

"And you left without finding out? Left her to drown or smother in that cabin? Don't you know your trate?" He shifted his fingers to the threat of the mate, shaking him vigorously. "Don't you know that there's air enough in that cabin to keen her slive for hours? Oh, but you did know—you did know. Only you haven't the nerve to risk your precious life, you're the nome cur to-day that you were at action, who'd throw a stone and run. You took my place in that schooner. You were in charge, and you pulled away and left that girl to die, the girl who throw me over for you. Oh, you hound! And she thought you were a man."

His voice ended in broken accents of grief and rage. Releasing his hold, he sank down on a chest and covered his face with his hands, while convaisive shudders ran through his great frame. The mate, nearly black in the face from his choking, stood up and drew away from him, muttering, as soon as he could speak, ""

great fram. The make hearly black in the face from his choking stood up and drew away from him, muttering, as soon as he could speak, "I'm as much of a man as you are, any day," "Think she may be alive yet, Ransom?" asked old Bill from his bunk.

Ransom littert his head. "What cargo did you have, men?" he nsked, addressing the awestruck and shame-faced crew of the Walkure. "None, sit; we were fiyin light from Havana," answered one, in the tone of respect for an oilleer, which Kansom, even as a foremast hand, could so readly enforce.

"And when did you go over?" I was at the wheel, and she'd just stepped down. She'd been asking me what you'd shipped in, but I couldn't tell her."

asking me what you'd shipped in, but I couldn't tell her."
Itaheom slowly raised himself to his feet, his face lighting with an expression of hope. "At hoon," he muttered: "thirteen hours, there's a chance, there's a chance yet." He bounded through the forecastle door and ran aft, followed by the rest.

"Mr. Toud," he said, as he reached the poop, "will you call the Captain?"

"What for?"

"There's a girl in the cabin of that schooner back youder."

"Great Scott! Is that so?" Mr. Todd tapped a second time at the Captain's window, and

back yonder."

"Great Scott.' Is that so?" Mr. Todd tapped a second time at the Capitain's window, and again Capit. Plavis appeared, somewhat ruffled at being called twice on such a fine night.

"Capit. Davis." said Raissom excitedly. "Capit. Downs's daughter is in the cabin of the Walkure. Will you let us take the boat back and try to get her out? There's time yet."

"What's that?" said the Capitain. "In that cabin? I thought she was drowned."

"No. sir," shouted Itanson: "she was below and was caught there; but there's air in the hold, Capitain, and Jessie can swim. Anyhow, she could float on the table or chairs."

"Did you know her, Raosom?"

"I was mate of that craft tive years. Capitain."

"Where is the Dresent mate of that vessel?"

asked the Capitain. From the rear of the crowd of men rame Ackland. Capit. Davis scanned him closely, then ha a grave time of voice asked:

"Is it true, sir, that you left a young woman in that cabin?"

"She's there. Capitain, dead or alive." and wared dekiand. "I don't sea how we could

She lectured on the classic art, and the medieval, and all that. She had no turn for it naturally, and told me privately that she hated musty old things, and never would have got on at all but that Prof. D's cousin had married her cousin, and that helped her to know the people who were worth while. Some rich family she had known out West was crazy to get into the D.s's st., and they bought no end of tickets and attended remarried people who considered fashionable or 'in society.' If a reader or an elecutionist or a lecturer has been heard in even the smallest little town abroad, and can show that the namers took notice of her, she can get on in America even if she was smubbed before going to Europe. Press notices also count with the people who introduce you."

Of course, for the woman who really knows the right set, lecture giving is comparatively easy. She simply hires a cab and drives round making calls, she explains her proposed "course" before she takes leave of each hostess, and gets her promise to subscribe.

To use the words of an often victimized person, "She simply takes you by the threat and never lets go till you promise to shell out twice a couple of dollars."

The barior lecturer is going to talk about architecture this winter. The architectural fad is, in the air, and it will take a great many morning and afternoon lectures by a great many able and indifferent lecturers to cloy the appetite in this direction.

"Ho most of the women who go in 'for these lectures on architecture expect to build houses or otherwise put their knowledge to use?" a well-known architectura expect to build houses or otherwise put their knowledge to use?" a well-known architectura expect to building houses, but there is a razo among women of beisure just at present for exploiting that subject. The term exploit just an its the plan of operations that the average architectural lecturer purshes, She reads un Ruskin land a more unreliable guide could not well be found, perhaps gets a smattering of Rache, and primes herself to "Sho's there. Captain, dead or alive," answered Ackland. "I don't see how we could

have got her out at any time. If we out through the bottom—which we couldn't do without tools—the schooner'd sink fore we got to her. I've been abused for not doing the impossible; just the same, I'll make one to go back, if any one goes." He gave Ransom a look of hatred.

Capt. Davis took a turn along the dock before speaking again.

"Ransom," he said as he faced him, "It is a hard thing to tell you in your present state of mind. I understand how you feel. But the huil is low in the water and singing all the time. When we massed her six hours ago the cable floor must have been close to the surface of the water inside: by this time it is over it, and Miss Downs is dead.

"But there's a hatch in that floor," answered Ransom vehemently, "which would fall off as the craft went over. She could get through it into the hold. Give me one man and the boat, Capiain, and I'll get her."

"No, you could not; it is folly. I have no authority to prevent these men from taking to their boat again, but I cannot permit you or any member of my crew to leave this vessel. Go forward, men.

"Take your wheel, Ransom," said Mr. Told.

"By Heaven. I won't." shouted Ransom, and before any one knew what he was about to do, he had sprung to the taffrail and mounted into the schooner's one boat, hanging to the davits. Raising his foot, he brought the beel of a heavy way, leaving a gaping hole. Springing inboard, he cast off the ushiter of Waikure's boat, and dropping into it, shoved off and was a dozen feet away before the assounded Captain had grasped the situation.

"Ransom, come back here. This is mutinous. Mr. Told, examine our boat and sees what he's done to it. Come back, do you hear" spinitered the Captain. Ransom, master of the situation, answered quietly:

"I'll come back if i succeed, Captain, and you wait for me." Dropping an oar over the stern he see and prove your manhood, fom Ackland. I wan held."

"Where's that cowardly hound who thinks he's a man J. Jump in here and prove your manhood, for Ackland to the rail, but, no furth

"Is my 'pinion," said a grizzled old tar seated on the cathead, "there's semething wrong with the build of a craft that'll act like that. Think so, Ransom?"

"Yes, Bill, there is," said the other, as he turned a pair of thoughtful eyea on the questioner." You see there's little dead rise there, practically a flat butom. That means more cargo room for the same draught of water. But if a craft like that gets over far enough to bury her canvas, she's aptit tog the rest of the way."

The speaker, whose sunburned face wore an expression of intelligence, began pacing the weather side of the deck, for he was on the lookout, his fine proportions showing in a pleasing silhouette against the lessening light of the western sky.

Soon eight belis sounded from aft, and spring lightly off the forecastie to the fore hatch, he repeated it on the heavy bell hung to the foremast. It marked a change of watches and he was presently relieved. A light air blew the Claremont to the southward until midnight; then it failed, and with carvas idly flapping and booms tugging alternately at sheets and boom tackies, as she rolled in the trough of the oily swell, the schooner lay helpless.

At 1 o'clock Mr. Told, the second mate, sleepily lounging over the bulwarks, was startled into wakefulness by a hearty hall from the order and the way with the oar. The care of the will be most and the water will relieve the purchase of the gloom.

"Schooner, ahoy! Will you take us aboard" said the voice.

"The connection of the same draught of the side of the deck, for the purchase of the gloom.

"Schooner, ahoy! Will you take us aboard" said the voice.

"The connection of the same more cargo of the side of the gloom.

"Schooner, ahoy! Will you take us aboard" said the voice.

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"Schooner, ahoy! Will you take us aboard" said the voice.

"The connection of the same of the sa

cool, quiet tone of concentrated and suppressed rage, was not an utle one. His heart beat pain-fully against his ribs as he pulled at the oar, but he did not answer, and Rausom went on:

rolly against his ribs as he pulled at the oar, but he did not answer, and Ramsom went on:

"You've about had your day, Tom Ackland. I've stood by you all your life-too lone, by far. I fought your battless at school, because I liked your smooth voice and good looks. And you sneaked on me then. But I kept it up. I made you a sailor and taught you your work. I got you your irst berth in the cabin and posted you in navigation. I supposed, like a fool, that I'd won your friendship, or at least your good will. But you've cut my throat whenever you thought you could benefit. You lied about me to Capt. How he had you had not been the next Captain in the employ; now I'm fore the mast again. You found out I was fond of Jessie and from that moment there was achange in her. You told ber that I was wamp fever. In short, after coming between me and all that makes life valuable, after winning Jessie away from me, by your lies, you've left her to die by inches, rather than risk your worthess life to save her. Pray, if you know how, that we get there in time."

Strapped to Ransom's bread back was a sallor's sheath knife, which Ackland's eyes rested upon. A murderous impulse, born of hatred and fear, possessed nim for the moment, and he reached for it, but the action disturbed the balance of the boat, and he missed—his knuckles pressing into Hansom's side.

"Take the stroke oar," said Ransom, arising with a stormy smile: "I'll need you a while longer, but you want watching."

Ackland sullenty obeyed, and for two hours the strange voyage conclined before the next word was spoken; then Ackland panted out.

"Tim spent."

Ackland sullenly obeyed, and for two hours the strange voyage confinued before the next word was spoken; then Ackland panted out, "Pm spent."

"Put! in your oar and get your wind," said Ransom, arising and Jerking his own oar into the socket at the stein. With mighty strokes, which indicated no inroads of fatigue, he forced the boat onward at nearly the former speed, while Ackland leaned over his oar.

"Got any tobacco" asked Ranson. Got any tobacco?" asked Ransom.

"Got any tobacco?" asked Ransom.
"No."
"No."
"Here." He drew forth a plug of navy and handed it down to the man he had promised to kill. Ackland was a sailor with a sailor's wants, and, like Ransom, imbued with the ethics of the forecastle - where tobacco is common property. He bit off a piece and gave it back.
"How can we wet her out?" he asked.
"We?" said Ransom, slowly and scornfully. "We will pull the boat to the wicek, and you will watch the boat while I get her out. I know you too well to expect you to help; also I know you too well to expect you to help; also I know you too well to expect you to stand by with this boat. Otherwise I wouldn't trust you."
"And I suppose, if you do get her out, you think you'll marry her on account of it," answered Ackland, mallefously.
Ransom's face became, in the starlight, frightful to see. "Got your wind?" he asked in a low voice. "Get to work, if you have.

He stepped forward to his seat again, and they pulled in silence for a half hour longer; then on the eastern horizon appeared the first flush of daylight.
"In with your oars," said Ransom, "we've

daylight. "In with your cars," said Ransom, "we've run the distance."
Silently they waited, Ackland seated on the thwart; Ransom erect to full stature, while the light brightened and broadened; then, when the berizon to the southward was defined, as all was reen—the Claremout, coming up with a wind. Off to the westward, as the light increased, Ransom madeout a dark spot about half a mile away. It was the keel of the Walkure, ond on.

sail was reco-the Claremont, coming up with a wind. Off to the westward, as the light increased, Ransom madeout a dark spot about half a mile away. It was the keel of the Wall-Aure, endon.

"Pull away there," he ordered, dropping to his thwart. "Pull-bend your back," he shouted at Ackland, as he found his greater strength was turning the boat from a straight line. Ackland labored silently, beginning to feel that this extention they were no to the submerged built barely was turning the keel above water.

"Way enough; in with your oar," shouted Ransom, now in a frenzy of excitement. He sprang to the stern with his oar and guided the boat up to the quarter of the wreck. Close to the rudder showed a dorsal fin.

"There's a shark," exclaimed Ackland.

"Don'the alarmed," said Ransom, kicking off his boots, "he won't climb in. You're to keep this boat close to the quarter." He whirled his our sloft and brought it down over the dorsal fin, which disappeared, showing an instant later ifty feet away. Crowding his knife firmly into its sheath he tossed his cap down, peered a moment into the blue depths, then, drawing in a deep breath, dived overboard. Ackland sat on the thwart, pale with alternating and conflicting hope—the hope that Ransom would reappear with Jessie, and the hope hat the shark, which had darted farther away at the instant of the splash, and was now returning in curving like-rage, would be able to dispose of Ransom. But his desire for justification did not impel him to enuisate this feat.

Itansom, in a few downward strokes, reached the submerged inffrail, under which he darted; two strokes more brough thim to the companion-way in the port corner of the cabin. Into it and appear with Jessie, and the show him he darted; two strokes more brough thim to the companion-way in the port corner of the cabin. And a show him he had a power had a power had a side, and finding by louch the force of his hold the sealer of the land, and he had a seemed ready to burst, and his lungs acked with the bobs and the force his

rollef and drew in a breath, which, though foul with the scent of the bilges, contained blessed, life-giving expeen. Clinging to a stanchion, he breathed, in and out of his tortured lungs, the welcome sir, until his blood, that had nearly ceased moving, and his heart, that had nearly ceased beating, resumed their functions. Then, while breast and brain were still racked with the terrible agony, he called hoarsely: "Jessie."

"Jessie."
A wailing scream answered—close to him:
A wailing scream answered—close to him:
"Help—help me. Who is it." It was worth that
dive to Ransom—to hear it.

"It's me. Jessie: it's Ransom. Where are
you? Can you come to me?" "Ned, Ned; help
me. Save me. Yes, I'll come. Where are you?"
He reached in the direction of her voice and felt
her hair—wer and draggled. She was cling-ing
to the next stanchion, and he drew her to him.
"Ob, Ned! take me out. I've been here so
long—so long. And it is 'dark, and so cold," she
moaned as she cling to him.
"Yes, Jessie, I will. Don't talk now. Let me
get my breath."

"Ob, Neal take me out. I've been here so long—so long. And it is dark, and so cold," she meaned as she thing to him.

"Yes, Jessle, I will. Don't talk now. Let me get my breath."

She was silent, and after a little, he placed her hands on the stanchion and said, gently; "hod yourself, Jessle, I must kick the table away from the hatch."

"Don't leave me, Ned. Don't, she screamed, "Just a minute, Jessle." He sank down, found the batch clear, and returned to her. With his srm around her he supported the benumbed and exhausted girl until he thought himself recovered sufficiently to make the return. Thes he said to her: "When I count three take a good, long breath and eatch hold of my seit. We must swim through the capin." He drew her close to him and planted a kies on her cold ins, which barely moves in response. "It's the lirst one, Jessle—perhaps the last; there's a shirk outside," he said, knowing, as more know in such extremes, that the shark was all that now could make it the last. "Ready, now I (me, two, three." He placed his knife between his teeth and they sank beneath the surface. With no obstructing furniture, and the diffused light from the companion way to guide him, he made the return in much is stime than it had taken to fight his way into the hold, hie reached the surface alongside the boat and gasped: "Here, eath her."

Ackland sprang forward, seized the girl by the arms, and drew her in, where sho sank down between the thwarts, a bedraggled heap, safe, but in a dead fain.

"Now, then," said the man in the boat to the man in the water, with an appropriate oath, "you stay there." He raised an oar. "You've had your day. Ned Ransom. Cloke me and abuse me 'fore the men, will you? Going to thrash or kill me, are you? Get down there." The oar descended, and Runsom. Caske me and show, pushed himself under water. The oar struck the glistening side of the shark, which, turning half over, shot past the place where, a second before, his part approached from a point too far forward, and just as the wicked jaws

and fell overboard. As he rose to the surface he shricked, for a dorsal fin was coming.

"Jessie, Jessie," he screamed. "Ransom! Help me! You've got a knite. Help! hel—"The last word was a gurgle. His head sank, and within the concentric ripples above him arose a dark stain. Ransom, in spite of his own position, was horror-struck.

"I wouldn't have hurt him now," he said to himself, "now Jessie is safe. But if she don't wake un soon. I'm done for, too. Jessie!" he roard: "Jessie!" be the himself, "now Jessie is safe. But if she don't wake un soon. I'm done for, too. Jessie!" he roard: "Jessie howed their knifelike fins, circling around the boat. He repeated the call again and again, and at last the girl heard, Raising her head, she saw Ransom, standing knee deep in the water, making deeperate lunges with his knife at the sharks as they daried past him, and shouting:
"Scull up here, Jessie. Quick," he called. She was a sailor's child, and could scull a boat, but, with barely strength to lift an oar, made show progress; and had not Ransom succeeded in sirking his knife into one of the sharks, and gaining time for her in the diversion caused by the others tearing their wounded companion to bicces, she would have been too late. He was waist deep when he caucht the gunwale and tumbled into the boat. Then he sank down nearly as helpless as the girl in the stern sheets, who had swooned again, and trembled like a child; for his wonderful nerve and strength had descreted him.

He was first to recover. Stepping to the stern he lifted the unconscious girl in his arms, hold-

child: for his wonderful nerve and stream classified him.

He was first to recover. Stepping to the sterm he lifted the unconscious girl in his arms, holding her so that the warmth of the rising sun would reach her face, and looked, hungrily, anxiously, and in vain, for the pretty features he had known. Seventeen hours of mortal terror, face to face with death, in solitude, darkness, and cold, had left an impress of agony and herror on the face of Jessie Downs that would take years of tranquil happiness to eradicate.

hess, and coid, had left an impress of agony and herror on the face of Jessie blowns that would take years of tranquil happiness to eradicate, but when she opened her eyes and smiled and pronounced his name, he knew that reason at least was left her.

And he was weak enough and strong enough, mean enough, cowardly enough, and brave enough to take advantage of her helpiesness, and kiss her again, not once, but a dozen times, "The Claremont is coming, Jessie." he said, as he pointed to the schooner, now but a couple of miles away and showing a clean-cut bone-in-her-teeth as she heeled over to the morning breeze, which was already crisping the sea around them into a darker blue. "And breakfast will be ready by the timeshe gets up to us," he added; an unromantic but natural speech.

"Ransom," said Capt, Davis, as he gave him his pay at the end of the voyage, "perhaps you don't know that Capt, Davis, so woned a conknow that Capt. Downs owned a don't know that Capt. Downs owned a controlling interest in every versel in that employ. I suppose you'll stay asnore now and run things. In that case, and in view of the fact"—a twinkle came to his eye—"that I didn't nut you in irone for your insubordination. I expect that you'll present me with a new you'l boat. You've smeahed my boat's backbone with your his feet."

"Certainly, Captain," said Raisom, "but you can't have the Walkure's boat, lessie wants that in the front yard to plant flowers in."

Foreign Notes of Boal Interest.

Gen. Glukhovskol has been sent to examine the bed of the Amer Daria, the Oxus of antiquity, ow-ng to information given by the Khan of Khiva when he visited Moscow for the Czar's corogation. The Khan asserts that the Amer Darla has alian doned its bed and worked its way into the Sary-Kavaysh, which, if true, will reduce the cost of turning the river's course into the Caspian Scales half. The rectification of its banks would then probably cost less than the projected rathroad from Berlin equestrian statues have been examined by

a veterinary surgeon of Potsdam, named Bougert, who asserts that the position of the horses' legs is wrong in all of them, not excepting the status of Frederick William III, and IV. He finds the same faults in many of the paintings in the Ferita Na-tional Gallery. In Egyptian, Assyrian, Pasylonian, and Persian works of art, the positions of the torses are natural and right; in those of the Greeks and Romans they are not always correct. The equestrian statues of the two Palb., father and on, in the Saples Museum, have the legs of the torses in the proper position.

Telepathy of some kind must have been at the sottom of the report spread in England a couple of days before she reached Hallfax that the cruteer Tailor had foundered. She was then fighting with a hurricone which laid her almost on her beam ends, compelling her to heave to for nine hours.

Spanish inefficiency has been shown up in a lutherous way by the recent self fleating of the new cruiser Princesa de Asturias, at Caliz. The ves-set, which it had taken seven years to build, got stuck in the mud, when they tried to launch her over a month ago. After trying their best to fost her without success for thirty days, the Spanish engineers gave up the job, adopting the usual Micawber policy of Spain, of waiting for some thing to turn up. They were justified by the crafter's slipping into the water of her own accerd one afternoon when no one was watching her-

Boston (England) Christians are in great iribula tion. They were shocked at the presentation of "The Sign of the Cross" as a religious may in their lown, and took the opportunity, in a printed marne ing to church people against going to see B. make known the dreadful condition of floatoni "Rationalism, with its higner criticism and un-blushing infid lity, is also rangant in our midst bringing in its train worldliness of every descrip-tion-entertainments, balls, dancing, describe perfformances, concerts, nigger minstrele, decking, amoking, billiards, card playing, gamble leasts. decorative festivals, auction sales, intellectual dis-

An ingenious project for the coming Paris Expo sition and one which has chances of total ar epital is that of the "City of Gold," a historical cabildtion of the progress of banking. One are show the processes for obtaining the reacting metals, with models of the effected their finites; another will show the conversion of the metals into coin, and the working of the task still snother the progress of all kin a of connected papers, with reproductions of lifetering best from the Strozzi and the Medici to the Post childs and the Bank of France, There " gallery of portraits of great financiers, and a rehe could breathe, emptied his lungs with a great groan of a construction of the Pont an Change as indicite ages, connected with a street a various historical perioda.